

Choice Miscellany.

NIGHTFALL.

The day is done,
And in the dark'ning interval
Our sights' begin
With thoughts on triumphs gained
And treasures lost,
And find that we have waited long
To count the cost.

The morn was fair—
No stormclouds hovered near our sky
Nor hint of care.
The morn was danned across our path,
And life seemed bright.
So long we dal'd on our way,
Shade foretold night.

The day is done,
And so we sit and think it o'er.
Our race is run,
Dust mingled till too late,
Are treasures lost.
Our triumphs, friendship, love, content
Do we count the cost?—London Tit-Bits.

THE LAST DECADE—1895.

Nature disdained by the race she bore,
The fools of knowledge, slaves of liberty;
Art that profanes the nuptial chamber,
Where truth and beauty wed forevermore;
Love that casts down the vest of virtue,
To join the profane and the base,
With the wild Minads, in their ecstasy,
Charming mountain peak and desert shore—
How long shall these things be? Till life's new
wine
Is drunk to the last drops of shame and wrong—
Till love arises from the author of sin,
And the world is won by faith and fervent fear—
Till man looks Godward and the word divine
Goes forth once more to cleanse the world—
How long?"—Long Sinclair in Temple Bar.

A LONG SEARCH.

Everywhere Kitty had sought the quotations—
Browning and Tennyson, Shadley and Lang,
Shakespeare she handled with great veneration,
Shutting, however, the tomes and tomes again,
Byron she searched, and Swinburne so burn-
ing—
Gosse, Austin Dobson, Stevenson, Moore.
Loves of life, and the faithful turning,
How her search as ever before.

Then weary, tattered, she angrily flitted
Out of the library—rubbed her distraught,
"Let's give it up," then she pouting blushed,
"For I have forgotten the line that we
sought."
—Exchange.

A SHOWER IN THE VILLAGE.

This Word Picture Somehow Awakened Pleasant Memories.

Over the whole village that stillness
reigns which only a Sunday in summer
can produce. It is nearing the noon
hour, and there is a glare of sunlight
everywhere.

The quiet of the streets seems to be
intensified as one approaches the corner
where the small stone church stands alone. There is a service going on inside, and the rolling music of the organ faintly wafted from within reaches the deserted streets outside. Rows of houses with closed blinds and unoccupied doorsteps meet the eye on every side, and down a narrow lane near at hand a freshly painted barn gleams out in the fierce sunshine. Three or four pigeons have fluttered to the roof and are sunning themselves and softly cooing.

Near the door of the church a horse and buggy stand, and now and again the animal, bothered by flies, stamps and splashes in the shallow puddle under him.

A dog trots lazily up the street and stops on his way to chase and bark at a few belated sparrows. One of the pigeons stalks with dignity across the roof, and another flutters into the air with a whirring sound and disappears.

The sound of the organ has died quite away and only the distant clucking of a disturbed hen breaks the quiet. The sunlight seems to have taken on a darker shade.

A sharp gust of wind sweeps up and down the street and ruffles through the foliage of the sleeping trees. The sparrows that occupied the street are not in sight. No living thing is to be seen, and the newly painted barn, that a moment ago looked scorched and blistered, seems to have taken on a cooler tinge. The breeze has died quite away, and there is a moment of supreme stillness.

Then a dull, sullen sound that seems like the roar of a distant train steals upon the air. It comes again, and there is no mistaking it—it is thunder. A flurried hen runs across the lane and disappears behind a board just as three large drops mark the dust covered sidewalk. Drops are falling everywhere, and as they increase in number they decrease in size. There is a gentle patter on the sidewalk, on the house tops, through the trees, which becomes more and more hurried until it generates into a steady rush of falling rain. The landscape is almost shut out from sight.

Slowly and by hardly perceptible degrees the steady rush becomes a patter, and the sun, with sudden brilliance, changes each drop to a glistening diamond.

The rain ceases, and the sparkling sunbeams gently shake themselves in the sunlight.

The shower is over.—Walter M. Eggington in New Bohemian.

The Nose.

The nose is intended for breathing, the mouth for speaking and eating. Who has ever seen a horse breathing otherwise than through his nostrils? Minute scientific investigation has revealed the fact that the number of people who breathe through their nostrils are becoming gradually but surely fewer in number. The consequence is that the nostrils decrease in size, while it has been found that the prevailing nose is quite an inferior organ to that of our forefathers.

Doctors at the present time are frequently asked to operate on noses and to enlarge them. Their owners have found that they do not fulfill their functions as well as they used to. It is beginning to be feared by scientific people that if matters grow much worse we shall lose the use of our nasal organs entirely.

It is a well known physiological fact that unused muscles and bones gradually disappear. Fish who live in the dark, for instance, or the mole, who resides underground, become blind. Thus, if we cease to use our noses for breathing, they will cease to exist. They will become superfluous!—Pearson's Weekly.

Subtle Flattery.

A certain rector in a Suffolk village, who was disliked in the parish, had a cousin who was very popular, and, on his leave, was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and, meeting with an old lady one day, he said:

"I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial."

"Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd bin a goin', I'd 'ave subscribed double!"—London Tit-Bits.

THE FINEST WRITING.

CONTENTS OF TWENTY BIBLES ON A THUMB'S BREADTH.

The Lord's Prayer Obscured by a Small Speck of Dust—How the Wonderful Miniature Writing Is Done Without Any Kind of Magnifying Power.

The wildest dream of fine postal card writing fails to be of interest when compared with what has been written on glass with a diamond point. So marvelously fine are the marks that have been traced on glass that when, by means of a powerful microscope, we clearly read the words covered by a speck when seen with the naked eye it is difficult to realize the fullness of the fact presented.

Think of legible writing so fine that 20 copies of the entire Bible can be written in the narrow space of one square inch! Yet such there is in existence and can be produced without any great difficulty.

Particular attention was called to this strange fact by Mr. Stephen Helm of 228 Columbus avenue, a member of the New York Microscopical society and a fellow of the Royal society of London.

"The Herald's account of the wonderfully fine writing produced by Mr. Charles S. Monnier on a postal card is very interesting," said Mr. Helm, as he sat by his microscope with a bit of glass in his hand that showed a black ring in its center about the size of a silver 3 cent piece. "His accomplishment is quite wonderful, but it is nothing compared with what is on this glass."

Took the glass, but could see nothing within the little black ring, but with the use of a small hand lens a speck became apparent.

"That is the Lord's Prayer," said Mr. Helm. "It contains 227 letters and is written within the five-hundredth part of a square inch. In other words, the space it covers is one-twentieth by one-twenty fifth of an inch, and 500 of such spaces are contained within the bounds of a single square inch, which at the same rate would contain 118,500 letters. Look at it and read the words."

Another long pause; then, stopping and turning toward Mr. Emerson, his countenance suddenly assuming that look of strong determination which those who knew him best sometimes saw upon his face, he exclaimed:

"Ah, yes," he said, "I do occupy a good position there, and I think I can get along with the way things are done here now. But these college trained men, who have devoted their whole lives to study, are coming west, don't you see? And they study their cases as we never do. They have got as far as Cincinnati now. They will soon be in Rural New Yorker."

BLACK HAWK AT SHILOH.

"Very few people," said my friend Capt. Robert D. Smith, president of the Athenaeum, "know that Gen. Wm. B. Bate, now United States Senator from Tennessee, tells one of the most pathetic horse stories of the late war. Gen. Bate was here a few weeks ago, attending the Confederate reunion, and I reminded him of the incident and got him to relate it again as it happened. I never saw him so much touched as when he told again of the attachment of his horse, Black Hawk, for him, and the animal's pathetic death at Shiloh. Gen. Bate is very modest and no braver man than he was, but I was there and saw the incident and can tell you how it was. At the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Bate was then colonel of the second Tennessee. He had two horses which he used; one, an ordinary, everyday horse which he rode on the march and other rough service; the other was a magnificent black stallion—a thoroughbred horse—as black as a crow and as beautiful as you ever saw. He was a very stout horse, not leggy, as some thoroughbreds are, but symmetrical and shapely, and as the General always took a lively interest in horses, this one had been selected for him with great care and at a good deal of expense. By the way, Gen. Bate says he has since heard of a number of Black Hawk's sons and other descendants making most creditable races. This horse was splendidly equipped and used by Col. Bate only for parades, long marches where stamens were needed, and for battle. The night before the battle of Shiloh the common horse was stolen, and the next morning at daylight our colonel presented on this magnificent animal, who looked fit to race for a kingdom, or charge over the guns of Bakalava.

"Men may talk about Gettysburg, Franklin and other battles of the war, but I want to see no stubborn or bloodier fight than we had down there and the woods, around that little church and on the banks of the Tennessee. You may know what kind of company we had to entertain us, when I say we struck Sherman's line first. Time and again we drove them back and as often they reformed and stubbornly contested every foot of the way. The usual position of a colonel is thirty feet to the rear of his regiment, and it was in that position that Col. Bate first went in the fight. The enemy gave way after the first hard fight, I will always think, because we took them a little unawares, though I know that both Generals Sherman and Grant did not think so, probably owing to the fact that they were not at the front when we began the fight, nor having anticipated it to begin so soon—but arriving soon after they heard the guns. At the next stand they gave it to us hot, and it was here our lines were nearly broken, and it was here that Col. Bate had to put himself in front of his regiment before they would charge with enough determination to drive the boys in blue again. All this time the battle was raging everywhere. We had driven the federal army past Shiloh church, and towards the river, where they finally made the desperate stand that stopped us the next day after Buell's arrival."

"This writing is not regarded by microscopists familiar with minute forms as anything wonderful," said Mr. Helm, "but the postal card story makes of it general public interest. Now, look at this slide."

The glass slide referred to was similar to the other, and within the little black circle marked on it there was no mark to be seen with the naked eye and with the strongest hand magnifying glass.

"You can see nothing there," continued Mr. Helm, "neither can you under an ordinary microscope, but the same prayer is written there on the other glass, only, as compared with the other, the space is as a New York city lot compared with a Dutchess farm. Look at it under the strongest power my microscope is capable of."

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Everyone who once tries Dobbins' Floating-Barox Soap continues to use it, for it is really infinitely superior to even the best of other floating soaps, and costs you no more. Made of Barox, floats 100 per cent. pure. Try it.

"My husband had a cold on his lungs, was after using Adamson's Batson's Liniment, and was much relieved. No one should be without it, for its properties are certainly wonderful."

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Woman's Department.

LITTLE PITCHERS.

Children have the faculty of hearing and seeing much more than their elders would believe possible. They are too guileless to be hypocritical, but it seems natural to them to listen to and observe all that passes in their presence while they appear outwardly drowsy and attentive.

The average parents are not careful enough as to what they say to one another and about other people in the presence of the little ones. One grown woman confesses to having all her life distrusted a friend of the family because of something she heard her mother say years ago. She remarked to her husband, "Bob said he would be here to dinner to-night, but, as usual, he did not let his promise keep him from staying away."

It was said carelessly of a man who was so intimate with the family as to come and go at his pleasure. The child, listening, decided in her heart that "Bob" had broken his promise. "As usual" mamma had said. That must mean that he often lied—that he was, in fact, a liar. And this belief she was never able to shake entirely off.

Another child was present when the morning's mail was brought in. Her father tore open a business envelope, and glanced over a bill enclosed in it. Then he tossed it across the table to his wife, with an explanation of impatience:

"There is J—'s bill. It is even larger than I expected it to be. I cannot pay it this month. I simply have not the money in bank."

Terror-struck, the child left the room. Matters had come to a fearful pass. Her father could not pay his debts; he would be sent to prison as soon as it was found out. All day long the little one watched from her nursery window for the sheriff she thought would come to "sell them out."

So uncommunicative are children that she said nothing to her mother of this fear, until at bed time, when she was tucked into her cot—she caught her mother around the neck and sobbed out:

"Oh, mamma, do you suppose this is our last night at home? Shall we have to go to the poor-house to-morrow?"

Then it was told, and mamma explained that papa spoke hastily—that he could meet all his obligations, that the bill he had received that morning would be paid in good time, etc., until the little girl, feeling as if she had been snatched back from the very doors of the poor-house, went to sleep. But though she has now children of her own, she has never forgotten that dreadful day, and cannot say too much in condemnation of the practice of speaking thoughtlessly where there is even one very little pitcher with big ears.

Cooking Water.
Few people know how to cook water. The secret in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it off right as it is spoiled. To let it steam, simmer, and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a good many people sick, and is worse than no water at all.

A critical taste will detect at the first sight, if the nose has not already denured and given warning, the faintest trace of dead water in tea, coffee, porridge and many other items designed for the stomach.

Water Shortcake.
The word shortcake suggests strawberries, perhaps because they are the first berries to greet our jaded palates after a winter of preserved fruits. But the shortcake is just as delicious made of any sort of fresh fruit, and, according to recent discoveries, may be digestible as well. The cake is the only injurious part, and this may be dispensed with, according to the following recipe:

As peaches are the best fruit obtainable at this season, and as most every household will have them preserved for winter use, there is nothing more delectable than to use them as a substitute for the berries.

Cut round pieces of baker's light bread (stale) with a biscuit cutter, one for each individual. Butter them and pour over them a compote of fresh fruit stewed in sugar. Then heap each saturated piece with fresh uncooked fruit, sugar it, and pour over all a generous supply of whipped cream. This is a dish that every one will enjoy, and that invalids and children can eat without thought of "paying the fiddler."

ANOTHER LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

Advises Use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Because He Knows It Will Cure.

Lieut.-Governor Fletcher Bids the Weak, Nervous and Discouraged to Hope, for the Wonderful Dr. Greene's Nervura Will Surely Cure Them.

The world believes its great men. Their word is accepted as truth, their example followed, their advice taken.

Knowing this fact, the illustrious Lieut.-Governor of Vermont, Hon. Henry A. Fletcher of Proctorville, Vt., who is the descendant of a long line of Statesmen and Rulers, tells the people if they wish to get well, if they desire to get back their health and strength, to use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, because he knows from personal experience, from its use in his own family and among his friends, and from having observed time and time again its wonderful curative powers, that it will surely and certainly cure, that it will give strength to the weak and nervous sufferer, than Lieut.-Governor Fletcher's powerful words wherein he states that he has personally used it in his family with greatest benefit, knows it to be a most wonderful cure of disease, and earnestly recommends it to all who are out of health and need medicine.

The great Statesman says:

"I have long heard of the good effects of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and have used it in my family. I have heard cases among my neighbors who have derived great benefit from its use and can truly say, that as far as my

the framers of the Constitution of Massachusetts.

Certainly no higher testimonial, no greater proof of a medicine's wonderful power to cure can possibly be given than is here bestowed upon Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy by this most distinguished Statesman and head of the government of the State.

Surely no one who is ill, worn out, run-down, weak, nervous, discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures to be cured can require any greater proof, any stronger testimony that Dr. Greene's Nervura will cure, that it will certainly restore health and strength to the weak and nervous sufferer, than Lieut.-Governor Fletcher's powerful words wherein he states that he has personally used it in his family with greatest benefit, knows it to be a most wonderful cure of disease, and earnestly recommends it to all who are out of health and need medicine.

Do you think so eminent a man of such high official position would lend his name and give his emphatic advice to use Dr. Greene's Nervura unless he knew positively its great value, its wonderful power to cure? He knows that his words will be heeded and his advice to use this grand remedy followed because of his high standing, and he unhesitatingly tells the people, speaking the welcome truth to the sick with the voice and dignity of official authority, that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will cure the weak and suffering, will give health and strength, renewed life, restored energies and the zest and happiness of living.

Remember also that this is no so-called patent medicine, but the prescription and discovery of Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Street, Boston, a successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, who can be consulted without charge, personally or by letter.

Happy Childhood.

In order to achieve successfully the art of happiness, we should teach our children as much as possible to enjoy the good which life has to offer. The half naked savage beating his tom-tom with preternatural solemnity does not experience half the pleasure that an educated ear and mind derive from the playing of a splendid organ or a well trained orchestra, where the art of music is brought by composer and performer to the highest state of perfection.

Nor does the simple native who stands before an impressionist canvas, and sees naught but daubs of paint, experience the exquisite pleasure which is felt by an artist who understands the beauty of the painting. The beauty of happiness, in the same way, can only be learned by those who understand something of the beauty of life and its exquisite significance.

In cold weather knickerbockers should be worn under the divided skirt.

Simplicity the Rule.

Garnishing has become of late such a fine art and is attended by such wonderful results as to seriously threaten the popular and generally accepted service known as a la Russe. This is so beautiful in effect and with so labor saving in result that housekeepers will hesitate to part with it for the more cumbersome and elaborate method of other days. It adds much to the ease and dignified movement of the modern meal to have only the necessary glass and silver together with the decoration of flowers, fruit and lights on the table. The courses are then served from side table, buffet or butler's pantry without delay of carving, mistake or confusion. The host and hostess are free to devote themselves to conversation and the amusement of their guests without interruption, which is a great advantage. Chefs are making an effort to restore the French service, at which all dishes are first presented at the table and afterward taken away to be carved and served. Thudicum, in his "Spirit of Cookery," explains the intent of this display of showy dishes by the oft-repeated quotation "one eats with the eye"—in other words, that the beauty of food is a pleasure to sight, as its perfect delicate flavor is to palate, and in this way ministers to two senses rather than one. It is to be hoped, however, that the modern hostess will not be deprived of the convenience of the napkin or the pretty service a la Russe until the presentation of something much better reconciles her to their loss.

Except on anniversary occasions and intended to serve as a souvenir, the menu is seldom seen in private entertaining. At a formal dinner the name card is a convenience in seating guests in the order previously decided upon by the hostess without possibilities of mistake. A card is now given each gentleman before entering the drawing room bearing his own name and that of the lady he is to take in to dinner. This is true courtesy on the part of the hostess, as the value of a bright little talk between them before beginning the meal adds much to its enjoyment and success.

Winter Shortcake.

rusticating in the country, making sketches preparatory to the coming winter's work. Miss Rogers is a woman of great promise, she has the art of the brush, but her love for music and art led her to abandon it. She has a well cultivated mezzo soprano voice of sympathetic quality. While in London she had the distinguished honor of being one of a party of persons invited to a breakfast given by the lord mayor, occupying a position on his lordship's left, and her intelligent conversation and charming personality soon made their effect on the company present.—New York Advertiser.

Rainy Day Dress Reform.

A New York correspondent says:

One of the most practical of the recent feminine organizations is the Rainy Day Club, which states its object, "We desire to establish through the agency of this club a distinctive, sensible dress for business women." Mrs. Bertha Wilson, the secretary of the club, would like to see all business women dressed in a uniform decided upon by the club and its associates, and, according to the following recipe:

As peaches are the best fruit obtainable at this season, and as most every household will have them preserved for winter use, there is nothing more delectable than to use them as a substitute for the berries.

If people will drink tea and coffee let them at least have it as nearly free from poisons as possible. That much benefit may be derived by many people from drinking hot water not disputed, but the water should be freshly drawn, quickly boiled in a clean and perfect vessel and immediately used. The times of using, the adding of milk, mint, lemon or other fruit juices is a matter of preference or special prescription.

In Visiting the Sick.

Mothers are cautioned by a physician who has had much experience with children's hospitals, not to permit their children, who carry a load of schoolbooks back and forth from home and school each day, to carry the load always in the same hand or over the same shoulder, as many instances have been known where the habit lengthened the arm or enlarged the hand disproportionately, or caused the child to carry one shoulder higher than the other. If the books are carried first in the right and then in the left hand every second day, or the bag of books suspended from the shoulder which the weaker hand will be strengthened.

Even when we are happy, it is not always well to let the bright stream bear us away unresisted.

The impulsiveness of the heart, the hasty proposal of marriage, the hasty acceptance, have they never proved the beginnings of misery, or has a rash word never suffered true lovers, true friends? If these things are true, it is likewise true that the fault in the commencement has been that of feminine impulsiveness. The defect is a generous one, and therefore commoner with us than it is with men, so that it handicaps us unfairly in the struggle of life. And truly it is a weary task to be always "with a host of petty maxims preaching down" one's heart. But we must do it. Either we must rule feeling or feel will rule us. It is a good servant, but a bad master. Our loving man's hearts are like the fire of the domestic hearth—the light of the home when duly controlled, warming the whole house. But if the fire be not kept in its subordinate place, what a conflagration would be.

Miss Maud Morrison, a prominent business woman in New York, declares herself strongly in favor of the "rainy day" dress and a bloomer advocate.

"A pair of thick, black bloomers to fasten at the knee and come down long enough to make the skirt hang nicely, but not long enough to step on, are, I think, admirably adapted to the purpose. Over this a light dress skirt to be always "with a host of petty maxims preaching down" one's heart. But we must do it. Either we must rule feeling or feel will rule us. It is a good servant, but a bad master. Our loving man's hearts are like the fire of the domestic hearth—the light of the home when duly controlled, warming the whole house. But if the fire be not kept in its subordinate place, what a conflagration would be.

Even when we are happy, it is not always well to let the bright stream bear us away unresisted.

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The most essential item," she says, "is have heavy cloth—men's suits would be the best—so that the wind may have no effect on it. The skirt must come to the boot tops. Twould spoil the effect if cut either above or below. It should be of the divided skirt pattern and exceedingly full in the extreme back to hide the divide effect. It should be buttoned on either side, with two large pockets under the lapa. The waist should be plain and shoes well

the ancient Tentons a kind of sanctity seemed to pertain to women. Truly remarkable, considering the time when it was written, is the statement that the German women were not permitted to regard themselves as standing outside the world belonging to the men, nor were they unconcerned in their warlike pursuits. If the above statement of Tacitus is to be trusted, I am inclined to believe that the Germans, amid all the rudeness of a pastoral and militant life, possessed elements of a higher civilization than the fastidious and overrefined Romans. The chief evidence of this superiority is, I think, to be found in their attitude toward women. Among the ancient Germans apparently men conceded all that women demanded.

There is to me something very noble in the comradeship of husband and wife which appears to have existed among these rude and hardy warriors—a comradeship half resembling that of boys and girl before the consciousness of sex has markedly differentiated them. Not even from the tribal council were women excluded. Tacitus expressly states that they were attentively listened to and that their advice was never left unanswered.

Taking Off Weight.

Spasmodic efforts to reduce one's weight are of little use. You must take a brisk walk—not a saunter, mind—every day, increasing the distance gradually if you are easily tired at first.

Sleep on a mattress and take care that your bedroom is well ventilated. Get up early enough to take a turn in the fresh air before breakfast if you have no active household duty to perform. Before sitting down to breakfast drink half a glass of hot water with lemon juice in it.

Take a bath every morning, hot or cold, whichever suits you best, and rub the body vigorously with fairly rough towels until the skin is in a healthy glow. It is of the utmost importance to keep the skin in good condition; otherwise the pores become clogged, and the more or less perceptible perspiration which is always going on is impeded.

Turkish baths, if you can get them, are the greatest possible help, but remember not to expose yourself to cold immediately afterward without sufficient protective clothing.

Then about cosssets. Whatever you do, don't attempt to reduce your apparent size by tight lacing. Let your corsets support the figure; no more. An unduly small waist in proportion to the rest of the body is a deformity and the corset will not be comfortable.

While his hands and feet the farmer bound, And tumbled him into the wagon.

Handsome Table Mats.

Some handsome new mats to place under the jardinières kept on polished tables are squares of white china silk with a border of plush about a finger wide. These mats are made over a stiff foundation of crinoline or canvas, covered with a layer of cotton and lined at the back with silk of a contrasting color. For instance, one of those seen, which is in a room where there is much green of various shades, has a border of olive plush and is covered at the back with olive china silk. The center of white china silk is covered with an all over pattern of flowers of about the size of a 25 cent piece. These flowers are outlined in coarse green embroidery silk. On the mat was a green jardinière, holding a palm. The plant was placed on a Turkish coffee table of mahogany. These low tables are much used in all kinds of wood for holding a single plant. The host and hostess are free to devote themselves to conversation and the amusement of their guests without interruption, which is a great advantage. Chefs are making an effort to restore the French service, at which all dishes are first presented at the table and afterward taken away to be carved and served.

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Blue Coat and Gray.

In 1864, several Union and Confederate wounded soldiers lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley. Mrs. B.—, the mother of one of the latter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing such little comforts as she could. Her house was burned down by the army. One day she carried him some beef tea. Every drop was precious; for it was with great difficulty that she obtained the meat from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy sip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the gaunt, hungry look of a man on the next cot. He was a Yankee, perhaps one of the very bad who had burned her home. She was a bitter secessionist, but she was a noble-hearted Christian woman. Her eye strolled back to the pale, sunken face; and she remembered the words of the Master, If thine enemy thirst, give him drink.

After a moment's pause, and with pressed lips, for it required all the moral force she could command, she filled a bowl with the broth and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words, "For His sake, for His sake, for His sake I do it." Then she brought fresh water, and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gently as if he too, had been her son. The next day, when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a senator from a Northern State brought home with him during the Christmas vacation, a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mrs. B.—, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the late years of the war. She had struggled for years to educate this boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain a position, and was supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank inquired into his qualifications, and finding them good, soon after secured his appointment on the staff of engineers employed to construct an important railway. The senator enclosed with the appointment a letter to Mrs. B.—, reminding her of the farm house on the Shenandoah, and adding, "I was the wounded man to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

The divine principle embodied in this act of the true-hearted Southern mother was never exemplified; and the fruit of it, like those of every obedience to divine law, was a natural result and fulfillment of the promise that "Bread cast upon the water shall be found after many days."

PRINCE.

A useful addition to this apron is a pair of full bishop sleeves. These are made separately, gathered at the top on elastic, and so keep the dress sleeves nice. There are small close cuffs that button at the wrist. With such an apron, the freshest costume may be kept unspotted during the performance of household tasks.

Gilding the Chains.

A new type of new woman has appeared in London. When a man offered her a seat in a car the other day, she refused it, saying, "Indeed, no. This so called politeness on the part of mankind is only the gilding of our chains. Men are polite because they think women inferior to them. If they looked upon us as their equals, these stupid gallantries would cease."

Woman in Pagan Times.

I have heard so many times, both in and out of the pulpit, says a Forum writer, that woman owed to Christianity her social elevation and the amelioration of her lot that I had come to accept it as a truism. At all events, it had never occurred to me to question the postulate until one day I read in "The Germania" of Tacitus that among

the ancient Tentons a kind of sanctity

was attributed to women. Truly remarkable, considering the time when it was written, is the statement that the German women were not permitted to regard themselves as standing outside the world belonging to the men, nor were they unconcerned in their warlike pursuits.

Poetry.

THE UPWARD FLIGHT.

If God's great angel took my hand to-night,
And led me gently toward the sternal hills,
Those distant, glorious peaks whose glory
thrills
My soul with keen delight;

If one by one the truths I long to know
Unfolded, as the buds unfold in spring,
Why should thou grieve, o'er though my
soul took wing
And left the nest below.

To soar on tireless wings beyond the stars,
Learning to sing the angel's wondrous song,
Reading, at last, the meaning hid so long
Of life's perplexing jars?

Nay! something of my new found happiness
Would fall on thee, e'en as the sunbeams
pierce
The vale of mist, and turn earth's hopeless
tears

To rainbows numberless,

Binding thee thus by jeweled chains to
heaven.

Our wings would glow more pure, more
strong, more free,

Till, to the dim shores of eternity,
Thy yearning feet were bidden.

Then grieve not, though to-night the word
should come

That bids me put off for the farther sands,

There to await thee, and with outstretched
hands

Bid thee glad welcome home.

Our Story Teller.

PETHERICK'S PERIL.

I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea fowl make their nests along the face of those wave worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement and sometimes a good deal of pocket money by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest. When he had his basket full, they would haul him up and another would go down.

Well, one afternoon I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go.

You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop 600 feet into the sea and then be 40 or 50 feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping; then, some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top. Under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting farther than those above. These ledges had to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one lad would swing like a pendulum on the rope and rest on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop on it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging.

Well, the ledge I reached was like this: It was some ten feet wide. It stuck out maybe some six feet farther than the cliff top. The rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, 500 feet below, ran in under it right 50 feet.

As I went down thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling around me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and, drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully a quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as a sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that countryside, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching along as far as the ledge itself and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea fowl below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were thousands on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out in terror and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in and dip the air in vast clouds.

The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large birds, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed, drifting on the long billows. I could look down the cable stairway almost to the bottom, and seemed scarcely more than a long leap to the deck.

Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff to rest while watching them. The day was dead still and very warm.

I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror. There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard packed, root threaded soil with which it was filled. Forcibly I pressed back and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening before my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking, out, and with a shudder and a groan and a roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below. I stood on a margin of rock scarp a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff and 500 feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe. Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force. An outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily toward me, the fissure behind me took an unshakable remotion, and from the utmost depth of the ocean, still its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyrations by a strong leap.

Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen. Shuddering, I pressed hard again the solid wall at my back. An appalling cold slowly crept through me. My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap. All the emotions of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped. I felt the swooning helplessness of falling and the cold, sharp rush of air. Still I pressed hard, but, though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the heat at my feet nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not. I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foreshort, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet.

Suddenly these words flashed to my brain: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate, but I became calm, resourceful, capable and feeling innumerable aid. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light eastward breeze had sprung up. Slowly and somewhat more distant the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footings to where my rope dangled, perhaps 800 yards distant.

It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey!

Shutting sideways very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my sense. Imagining trying to move sideways incapable of closing my eyes, forced to look down from end to end 800 feet! Imagine you're going to go or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstasy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face first at full length, clutch by your hands and, with shut eyes, feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but of course that was impossible.

The wall at my back made it worse. The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. Upward it was thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighing you slowly forward.

I knew that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face toward it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and thus I dared not and could not do. Also to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

In the depth below the myriad sea fowl then rested on the black water, though, still swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while farther out it had begun to jump to whitecaps, and in despite of the cliff's face, and I knew that the rope would be.

Women want the truth, and if they cannot get it from their doctor, will seek it elsewhere.

I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps, my following foot striking hard against that before, sometimes on the point of stumbling, stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in mortal terror right forward.

Every possible accident and delay was present to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tiptoe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward; that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid. Much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster, more wildly I stepped; in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope would be.

I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen. Wildly I looked over the other. No rope! Almighty God!

But what? Yes, it moves! It sways! It disappears, to return again to view. There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes, and—face bowed to the precipice, most forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I offered thanks to God for the delivery that seemed so near.

I stood there for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway toward me? I could hope for that.

But could I grasp it? Should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as it end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the acoustomed stone? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not and if I grasped it and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an gale?

Wild with fear, I thrust forward my right foot before the other and carefully edged around. For an instant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and as a desperate man I prepared to meet the onrush of the abyss below.

How fascinating are the belts and sashes which form such important items in the fashions of the moment! Close fitting, deep folded belts made of satin or silk are worn with toilette of silk, fine mohair and gross lawn.

Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to meet the onrush of the abyss below.

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ON'S ANODYNE INIMENT

of Inflammation.

A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family, the result of irritation and inflammation such as, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, stings, etc., etc., sore throat, rheumatism, gout, rheumatism, grippe, lame back, side, neck, mumps, muscular in anywhere, rheumatism, stings, sprains, stiff joints, coughing.

The great vital and muscle nerve.

I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and can assure you it is the best. Have used it for colds, coughs, sore throat, stings, etc., etc., sore stomach, rheumatism, grippe, lame back, side, neck, mumps, muscular in anywhere, rheumatism, stings, sprains, stiff joints, coughing.

THOMAS CLELAND, South Roblinson, Maine.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

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And having secured the services of first-class Job Printers, under the charge of an Experienced Foreman,

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THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. November 26, 1896.

Horse Department.

At the sale of the A. B. Darling trotting stock, which is to take place Dec. 1, in New York, the three-year-old colt, Conquest Star, 223 at 2 years, by Nelson, dam by Starlight, will be offered, with a yearling brother Darling and weanling sister Miss Darling. It will be seen how Maine bred colts sell alongside of others.

The horse business has suffered more from the failure of men to grasp the situation, because their eyes were blinded by speed, than from all other causes combined. Over production there has been but not of large, stylish, symmetrical, attractive animals. It has run in another

suffering from paralysis, hence he must be content to go along with the tide of returning prosperity, which at best will rise slowly. There is a future for the country, its business men and its laborers. Its first days may not be as full of hope and dollars as many expect, but we have faith in American institutions. We see no reason for believing that the breeding interests have lost their calling, and we expect a revival that will be permanent. How soon it will be here depends largely upon the ability of the people to get on their feet financially, and set the wheels of trade and commerce in motion. Don't let the idea get possession of your brain that the horse business is any worse off than all others.

EDUCATING COLTS.

Mr. Editor: I have a good colt one year old. Some advise me to wait before breaking. Please give your reasons for urging early development?

SUBSCRIBER.

The old saying relating to the bending of the twig applies as much here as elsewhere. If we come into the world a bundle of susceptibilities, but soon become a bunch of iron habits," then surely the habits should be of the right nature. For the same reason that the mother recognizes the necessity for correcting the tendencies of the child in order that right habits may be formed, the colt must early be taught to know its master. It was a wise trainer who first took his colts in his lap the first day, held them until they ceased struggling, and continued the practice until the little creatures came ready, expecting to be caressed. Our domestic animals are to be made the servants of man, but for this to be possible education is necessary. That this may be the most effective it must commence at an early age. It is but the unfolding of the latent powers inhering in the animal constitution. For safety and for service it is not only wise but necessary that all animals be early instructed in the line of work they are afterwards expected to excel in. Halter break early, teach the colts to obey the word, and to come and go at command. Hitch the yearling to some fast, safe, walking horse, and fix the habit before any weight is applied. Let it also know what the harness means in every respect, and so grow into its life work as it grows into a knowledge of what its master desires. There can be no question but this course, wisely applied, will insure safer and better horses than otherwise is possible. At the same time the danger of overtraining and overtaxing is certainly to be avoided. Educate the colt, and fit it for a life of greatest value and service.

POULTRY. *Mr. Editor:* I have a good colt one year old. Some advise me to wait before breaking. Please give your reasons for urging early development?

SUBSCRIBER.

There's something in the long, slim, ravish looking craft which always claims attention, but when any thought of utility enters in men know at a glance that it has no value. A horse built on these lines may be a good plaything but never a comfortable driver. Thirty miles will exhaust its vitality or a three heat race show the red flag in its face.

The value of the walking gait is not appreciated else there would be improvement in this direction. Four miles in thirty minutes, over rough, frozen ground, behind a mare, by Knox Boy, which never broke the easy, ambling walk to get her nose over the top of the hills, proved what good walkers will do. It is the most important gait to be cultivated for the fast, free walker is always a good roadster.

Before the largest crowd ever seen at a horse sale in this country, and after a sensational auction, John R. Gentry, the champion harness horse of the world, passed into the hands of Lewis G. Tewksbury of New York, for \$19,000 at Madison Square Garden, Thursday night. This and other sales held within the past few weeks indicate a decided improvement in the tone of public sentiment, and promises well for all having good goods to dispose of.

It is said that one cause for the falling off in interest in the New York Horse Show has been the evident letting go of classes and exhibits showing best at park or road action, and increase of those showing best at speed. The class wishing a park or coach horse will always look for an attractive animal at the walk or jog, while those who cling to the three-quarter seat buggy will look for the speedier horse. When an attempt is made to hitch a trotter to a dray and show a forty trip, something is lost, and the horses are not as good as they were.

7. Because it will bring the best returns, in the shape of new-laid eggs—during the winter season—when the farmer has most time on his hands.

8. Because to start poultry raising on the farm requires little or no capital. Under any circumstances, with proper management poultry can be made—with little cost—a valuable adjunct to the farm.

POULTRY.

MONGRELS FROM PURE BREEDS. In traveling over the country, says a writer in the *Gazette*, it is very seldom we can now find a bunch of stock cattle that does not show the folly of crossing dairy cattle on beef breeds, or Bantam chickens on Plymouth Rocks for farm fowls. The products of the iron on Shorthorn grades, or Holstein-Friesians on Angus grades, is neither a feeder nor a milker; it is a mongrel that has no place on a stock farm. Such cross-bred animals cut down the value of farm stock. The farmer having a few grade Shorthorns or Angus steers can always find ready sale for them. They sell themselves, either as feeders or shippers. But a lot of cross-bred Jersey-Shorthorns is hard to sell even at a low price. It is granted that for butter the Jersey is most desirable. The farmer's wife likes to have one or two to give color to her butter, but her price is quite. But this is no reason why the Jersey bull should be kept where the aim is not to market butter, but beef. So common is this cross that in some sections it is hard to find a farm where the value of the steers is not cut heavily by the Jersey cross, which has not added to the farmer's income from butter sold.

Our tenant has children that had a pair of Bantams from them which have ruined a flock of Plymouth Rocks. Bantams and Jersey have no place on a farm where the business is to grow meat.

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Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the letter bore. Which carried the story far and wide. Of certain cure for the loathsome sore. That bubbled up from the tainted tide Of the blood below. And it was Ayer's name. And his sarsaparilla, that all now know, That was just beginning its fight of fame With its cure of so many years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures.



Steamer DELIA COLLINS will leave August 1 at 1 P.M. for Hallowell 1:30, connecting with the staunch and popular Steamer

KENNEBEC

Which leaves Gardiner at 3, Richmond 4 and Bath at 4 P.M., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Returning, will leave Lincoln's Wharf, Boston, 10:30 A.M., Wednesdays, Thursdays, Evenings at 6 o'clock until Oct. 23, after which time she will sail at 5.

Round trip \$1.25. Reduced rates.

JAS. B. DRAKE, President.

ALLEN PARTHIDE, Agent, Augusta.

Frank P. Atkinson, a millionaire mine owner and politician, of Denver, Col., was found unconscious on Eighth Avenue, New York city, early Thursday morning, and died soon after. It was shown that he bought several drinks the night before, producing a large roll of bills. Foul play is suspected. Three men have been arrested—John Steverson, George Stevens, a reputed gambler; Joseph Davidson and Frederick Menger.

The Norwegian brig S. N. Hansen, from Apalachia, Fla., arrived, Friday, at Garston, Eng. She brought to port three of the crew of the American brig Mary T. Kimball, Captain T. B. Moore, from Mobile, August 29, for Guantanamo. The men were picked up Oct. 3, in lat. 29° N., long. 74° W. The Kimball foundered Sept. 22, and the captain and four of the crew were lost. The Mary T. Kimball was built at East Mansfield, Me. Her home port was Mobile, Ala.

The populists of Kansas propose to locate a colony in Crawford county and start an immense farming industry, a mining camp, several factories and a great department store. It is proposed that one thousand men contribute \$100 each, making a fund of \$100,000 on which to begin business. The scheme is to take the unemployed men into the colony and allow them to become part owners of the property, paying their proportion of the cost.

The golden jubilee celebration, commemorating the fifty years' pastorate of Rev. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, in Brooklyn, N. Y., took the form of a banquet, Tuesday night of last week, given in honor of the venerable divine by the Hamilton Club. Covers were laid for 160 at the club house, and many prominent citizens and public men were present. Among the speakers were Judge Willard Bartlett, Edward M. Shepard, Truman J. Backus, president of Packer Institute, and Alfred T. White, all of whom spoke in words of admiration of Dr. Storrs. In reply the guest of the evening reviewed briefly his half century's work in the City of Churches.

A locomotive was derailed at East Liverpool, Ohio, Wednesday. While hoisting the heavy steel beams for the new bridge over the Ohio river, a large heavy cable was allowed to fall so that it almost touched the rails. A freight train on the Pennsylvania came down a heavy grade. Bridge workers tried to raise the cable out of the way, but when it was high enough to catch the smokestack the locomotive struck the cable, carrying it with the train over 400 feet. Telegraph poles, signs and telegraph wires were all broken by the impact. The traveling crane car on the new steel cable. The workmen saved themselves by hanging to the drop lines. Wm. Stevenson of Wellsville fell from the bridge, breaking both legs, and will die. The loss to the bridge and adjoining property was large.

Deputy U. S. Marshal McClintic has had a fight with Black Jack's bandits in the hills of Arizona, killing one of them, Wm. Hayes, and wounding Geo. Musgrave, alias Jeff Davis, who escaped. None of the posse was injured. Black Jack, Frank Anderson, Neil George, and another escaped, and the posse is in pursuit. The fight occurred at Deer Creek, about 30 miles south of Scott, N. M., to the south of the Pacific R. R. and the Colorado River, which cuts into the Colorado River. Since July last, they have held up Seperville, the White Oak stage, robbing the mail four times. Nogales bank, Tevison post office, Salmon post office, station and store. Their station and post office. They attempted to hold up a train on the Atlantic and Pacific on which Col. Young was killed. During the reign of terror they have killed four men and a line rider, who with a posse pursued them after the attempted bank robbery at Nogales.

Chief of Police Lepinsky of Hastings, Kan., has returned from Hanover, Kan., where he traced the Davenport National Bank robbers and succeeded in capturing them. The gang, which has been operating through that part of the State for the last six months. Saturday morning, Oct. 19, the Bank of Davenport was robbed of everything in the safe, which amounted to several thousand dollars. The

Bankers' Association of the State of Kansas has offered a \$10,000 reward for the apprehension of the robbers.

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Attorney ADAM OWEN, Register of the Court of Insolvency, Augusta, Nov. 22, 1896.

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EXPORTER OF BUTTER, CHEESE AND APPLES, 88 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

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Items of General News.

Cuban reports continue favorable to the insurgents.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the celebrated actress and reader, died in Paris, Thursday.

The house of W. J. Bryan, in Lincoln, Neb., is quarantined on account of the sickness of one of his children with diphtheria.

The President has issued a proclamation readjusting the boundaries of the naval reservation in Alaska, found to encroach upon the islands belonging to the Greek church, in contravention of Russia's secession of Alaska.

The Pope at Rome has approved Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the church of the Good Hope, Worcester, Mass., to succeed Bishop John J. Keane as rector of the Catholic University at Washington. Dr. Conaty is about 40 years of age.

The J. S. Poyen & Co. carriage goods house, at Amesbury, Mass., which recently assigned, owing \$100,000, offers 40 cents on a dollar in settlement, and will probably be accepted. Miller Bros., who assigned, owing \$30,000, offer 20 cents a dollar.

Dr. B. S. Smith, Jr., a well known member of the Union club, Boston, committed suicide by shooting Saturday noon at his apartments on Spruce street. Despondency caused the deed. He was a bachelor, 49 years old and belonged to an old and noted Boston family.

George W. Ferris, the inventor and builder of the Ferris wheel, died Sunday at the Mercy hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., where he had been treated for typhoid fever for a week. The wheel made a fortune for Mr. Ferris, and gave him fame as an engineering genius in the world.

At Fall River, Thursday forenoon, Mrs. Ann Oatley, 77 years old, an insane woman, killed Mary Ann Brennan, four years old, by braining her with an axe. Mrs. Oatley had been left in charge of the child by parents who work in a cotton factory. Mrs. Oatley has been declared insane.

Miss Rachel Gage, the daughter of Charles Gage, for years one of the wealthiest citizens of St. Louis, Mo., has caused something of a sensation in society circles of that city by going on the stage. She has left the city to join the Cox Brownies Co., with which she is engaged to play.

John L. Farwell, at the head of the Sullivan Institution for Savings, at Claremont, N. H., is luxuriating in Europe, for his health, while some of his wife's friends, who put all his hard-earned investment, are on their way to the poor house. Over a million dollars was saved by him in poor investments at the West.

Conolulu advises dated Nov. 12, says: John H. Foster and wife arrived on the second instant. He had frequent conferences with the government officials and leading royalists indicating that he is studying Hawaiian affairs with reference to annexation. He has stated that he is opposed to annexation, and that if it is defeated he believes the reciprocity treaty will be annulled.

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Discharge of Insolvent.

State of Maine—KENNEBEC: ss. The court of

Insolvent, No. 23, 1896. In the case of Edward W. Foss, of Boston, Wm. A. Getchell of Chilsea, Mary E. Terry, Thomas P. Foss, and B. Davis, my wife, his solvent debtors:

This is to give notice that pursuant to an order of the court, a second meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtors will be held at Probate Court Room in Augusta, in said court house, on Friday, Nov. 22, 1896, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Attorney ADAM OWEN, Register of the Court of Insolvency, Augusta, Nov. 22, 1896.

JOHN C. COCHRANE, Produce Commission Merchant, and

EXPORTER OF BUTTER, CHEESE AND APPLES, 88 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

Liberal awards made on consignments for sale in Boston, or shipments to my friends in Great Britain and on the continent. 142

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